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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1917.

The Roads Taken Over.

If the conservatives feel any shock over the Presidential proclamation of this morning, we commend to them the following words from it:

"The government of the United States is the only great government now engaged in the war which has not already assumed control of this sort.

"The greatest national necessity dictated the action and I was, therefore, not at liberty to abstain from it."

A great economic revolution has been effected, on paper at least, and the future will determine whether the Hon. William G. McAdoo, new director general of the railroads of the United States—which makes him the greatest transportation dictator of all times—will be able to shoulder the mighty new war burden thrust upon his shoulders.

After all, the railroads will be doing business at "the same old stand" after noon tomorrow—the railroad presidents will be holding their jobs, as will be the conductors, the switchmen, the firemen, and everybody else. The revolution will be a bloodless one.

But every mile of railroad track in the nation will be in the control of the Washington government, and the director general has practically unlimited power over all of them.

The country, not accustomed to such drastic changes accomplished overnight, will feel a trifle "jumpy" and nervous this morning, but will be resigned to the news. Reassuring are the President's words that every stockholder and bondholder of the systems are to be guaranteed a net income equivalent to an average of the net income of the past three years, although some doubts are certain to be held as to whether this will be as easy to effect in practice as it is on paper.

The President has cut the Gordian knot with his own Excalibur and the country will support his decision as an inevitable war measure.

1918.

The coming year promises to be a critical one in American history.

It will decide whether we will win or lose the war. It will bring the "show down" in our preparations for the conflict. It will be the key to the future.

Therefore let us draw a set of New Year's resolutions for the nation. We think they should read something like this:

WHEREAS, war is war, and peace is peace, and any country that tries to blend the two is making a fool of itself; and

WHEREAS, our own best judgment and "horse sense" tells us that, with our unexampled strength and wealth and resources, if we cannot whip the Kaiser we ough to join China in an International Old Ladies' Sewing circle (and probably would); and

WHEREAS, the Kaiser having gotten us into this war, it is "up to us" to see that he does not get out of it before he hoists up the white flag; and

WHEREAS, the sacrifices the government is calling upon us to make, in comparison with those that European peoples make, are so trivial as to be comparable to the self-denial that some men endure to own "flivvers," or to see baseball games in the summer, or that some women undergo to own lap dogs; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, that before the end of 1918 American brawn will have banished the Kaiser to an island—preferably St. Helena or Coney—or to the Siberian vaudeville circuit.

Better Pay for Clerks.

There is not a manufacturer or bank or insurance company or merchant who has not voluntarily or under pressure met the emergency of the menace of losing help by paying better wages.

Is it fitting that this great nation should have to be coerced into paying its clerks the wage they are justly entitled to? Decidedly not. These clerks are not of the sort described as those looking for "the opportunity to be useless." They are trained for their work, doing overtime on a full day's work—in these days of stress.

The Herald earnestly hopes that red tape will be cut and the increase put into effect as speedily as possible.

No "Made In Germany" Trade-Mark On Our Toys This Christmas.

Poor Germany! She invented Kris Kringle, alias Santa Claus. She had a monopoly of the Christmas toy trade. She had all the youngsters working for her.

And now? It would be bathos to ask or to describe what the stockings of German children held this Christmas. It would be heartless to picture the bitter mockery that Santa Claus must have become in the hearts of millions of German children. Let us draw the curtain on the frightful toll that war has taken from these innocents.

But here in America, where Santa Claus still comes, though with a heavy heart, we have thrust the German workman out from a privilege that for a generation he has arrogated to himself—that of making toys for our children. Three years ago, when the British fleet first stopped German-made toys from crossing to our shores, we cried out rather petulantly against the loss, but set our own craftsmen at work to make up the imported supply that was gone. At first people said condescendingly that these toys would have to do, but that, of course, they would not be as good as the German toys. Now they are telling a different story.

The fact is that the new American toys are more ingenious and more durable than the German, and millions of children are finding them so. The year before the war the United States imported more than $9,000,000 worth of toys from Germany. Last year we not only made enough to satisfy the home market demand, but exported more than $3,000,000 worth, which is pretty good for an infant industry.

The Germans have been hoarding immense quantities of toys, hoping to dump them on the world market the day that peace came. They had their eye particularly on Britain and the United States. Now that hope has vanished, for the Germans at last have realized that they have lighted fires of hate among their enemies which it will take generations to extinguish.

Perhaps in years to come our youngsters will search carefully for that once-famous "Made in Germany" trade-mark on their toys, and refuse all presents that bear the tell-tale label. It begins to look that way now.

Alas for the toymaker of Nuremberg. Will he die of a broken heart? Must he bear unto the third and fourth generation the sins of his Emperor?

The "Billy" Sunday Campaign.

Billy Sunday will arrive in Washington within the week to conduct evangelistic services in a specially constructed tabernacle on the plaza opposite the Union Station.

So that every one may know the conditions under which Billy Sunday comes to Washington, these facts The Herald believes, should be understood:

Certain interests, largely of the church, raised considerable cash and assembled a guarantee fund to meet certain necessary expenses—including the building and furnishing of the tabernacle, and the necessary financial outlay for the preliminary campaign to make Washington ready for the big two-month campaign.

The cash contributions were out-and-out gifts to the campaign committee. That was understood when they were made. They went to meet numerous incidental expenses. The guarantee fund was raised among men and women who permitted the committee to use their names with which to draw from the banks certain sums needed to meet pressing bills.

With the opening of the Sunday campaign there will become automatically effective a system of afternoon and evening collections at the tabernacle. Every penny collected will be turned over to the committee to be used in repaying the sums drawn on the strength of the guarantee. When the total expense account shall have been reached through the collections, the offerings will cease.

In every city in which the evangelist has campaigned the collections have been sufficient to "take up" the full guarantees, so that no person has ever been called upon to "make good" any part of this fund.

On the last day of the campaign a free-will offering is taken at all services in the tabernacle. This is turned over to Billy Sunday. Not another penny does the evangelist get. He comes under no guarantee of any sort. He is promised no financial return for his work. He gets only what the general public chooses to give him on the final day.

And out of this offering the evangelist pays one-third of the salaries of his staff of approximately twenty experts. The other two-thirds is paid out of the expense account, which is taken care of by the tabernacle collections.

Save and Invest.

John Wesley, the great founder of Methodism, once said: "Make all you can; save all you can; give all you can."

In the view of the national administration this is the plain duty of every man and woman who is today employed at remunerative tasks in this country.

They are to make all they can—because thus they keep the country prosperous even in wartime.

They are to save all they can—because thus they cut down waste and extravagance, which are especially sinful in wartime.

And they are to give all they can—give to their government so that its armies and navies may be fully equipped and prepared and so that the war may the more speedily be brought to a successful conclusion.

One of the ways to give to Uncle Sam is to buy a thrift stamp for 25 cents. The next is to buy a war savings stamp. And to go on buying them as rapidly as you save the $4.12 or $4.13 or $4.14 or whatever the price may be in the particular month in which the purchase is made.

And it isn't giving, when all is said and done. It is lending to the American government at the very good interest of 4 per cent.

Even little Rumania refuses to buy the German gold brick peace.

Bank robbery seems to be one business that's a little better than usual.

An Indiana woman found a $100 pearl in an oyster. Now will you let up on pork and eat sea things?

That Brest-Litovsk peace conference asks all belligerents to send delegates. All right; we nominate Roosevelt.

If that Senate committee only clears up the Crozier-Lewis machine gun scandal, it will not have probed in vain.

Canada is for prohibition as a means of devoting all her energies to war. John Barleycorn is going to just despise war, before peace comes.

The Treasury Department says there are 27 pennies per capita in circulation in this country. That's right. Not one of them can stop anywhere.

Tobacco, announces the Ohio Experiment Station, kills pests. We never found it so. Some of them would stay forever if we gave them tobacco.

Buenos Aires newspapers are certainly establishing a pro-German reputation for President Irigoyen that won't do Argentina any good, when peace comes.

Sugar Administrator Rolph testifies that prohibition has driven many men to ice cream sodas and thus helped to produce sugar shortage. This nation seems to be headed right at raw water.

CHRISTMAS HYMN FOR BATTLE.

In this, the world's disaster,
Mid guns that never cease,
We serve our Lord and Master
The gentle Prince of Peace,
For were dear Christ among us
To face the Hunnish horde,
His order would be flung us
"Fight on with flaming sword."

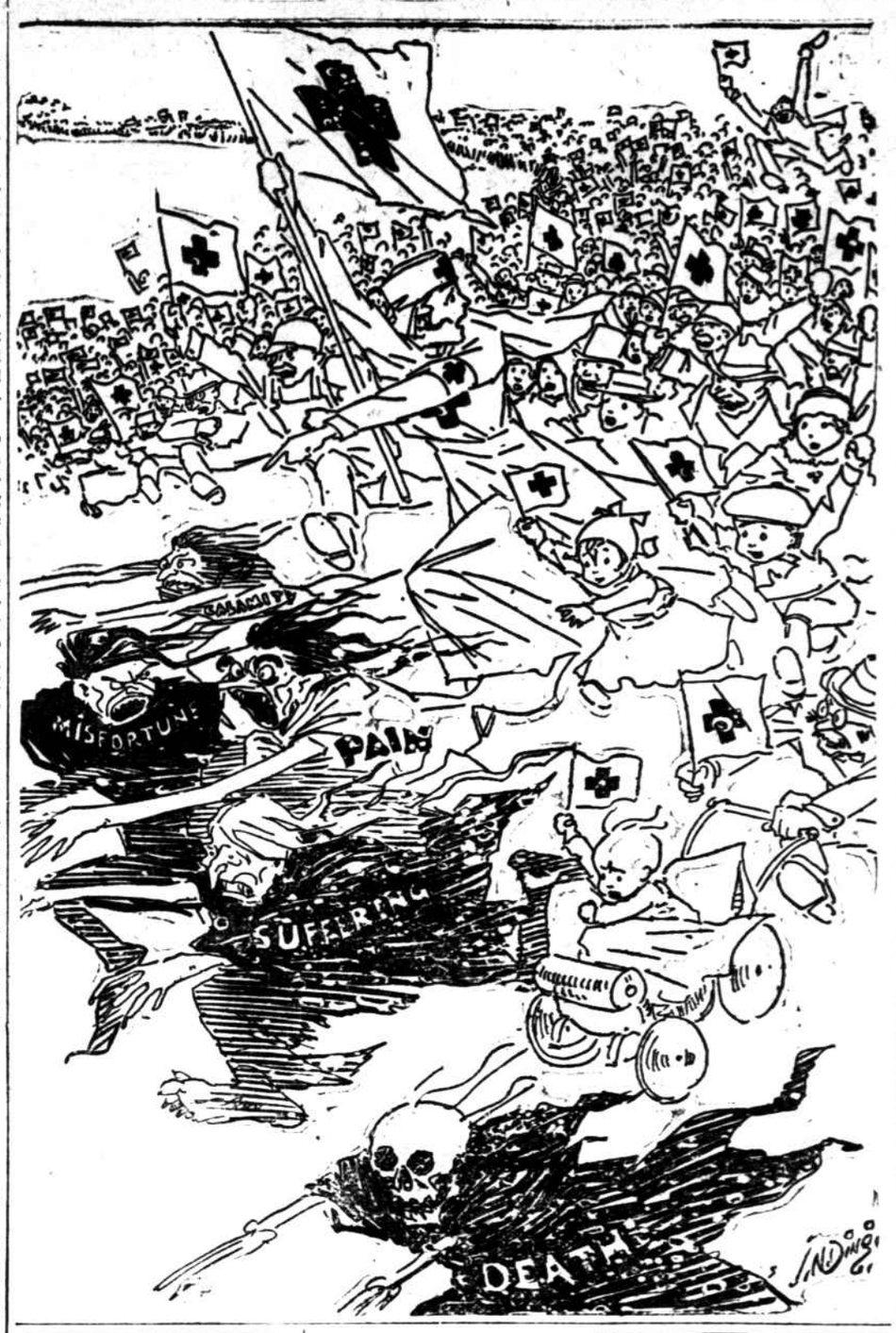
He would not bid us palter
With monstrous fiends of hate,
Whose deeds profane His altar
Whose hands lay desolate
The land and sea He gave us
Whereon in peace to dwell;
He would march forth to save us
From any truce with hell.

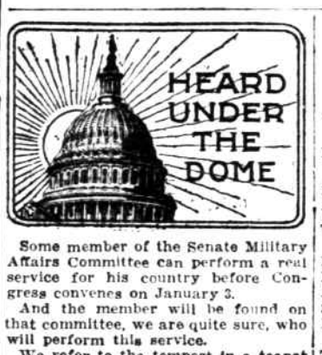
From Prussian greed that levels
All beauty into dust,
From men possessed of devils
Of madness and of lust,
His power would deliver
Our world that fights for life,
His sword would flash and quiver
In forefront of the strife.

So, in the battle stenches,
We greet the Christmas morn
The word thrills through the trenches
"On this day Christ was born."
And lo, our hearts beat faster
With blood we gladly give
To serve our gentle Master
Who died that men might live!

—BERTON BRALEY.

AN ARMY IN WHICH EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN AMERICA OUGHT TO BE ENLISTED





Some member of the Senate Military Affairs Committee can perform a real service for his country before Congress convenes on January 3.

And the member will be found on that committee, we are quite sure, who will perform this service.

We refer to the tempest in a teapot which appears to have been caused over the statement from France that Gen. Pershing has issued orders allowing the men to use certain restricted amounts of beer and light wines.

The country is entitled to the truth as to the situation, and if there is reason for the general having issued the orders a set of paid reformers here should not be permitted to mislead the country at large and perhaps seriously endanger the success of our arms abroad.

If there is adequate reason for the issuance of the orders the country should know this, and there should be no discrimination in favor of the men abroad in the matter of drinking to moderation. The chance is here now for some member of the investigating committee to stave off the airing of the matter in the House when Congress convenes by providing the country with the precise reason why Gen. Pershing took this position.

Just now it appears that there are chances—unless some committeeman is found to settle the matter now by getting testimony on the point from Secretary Baker—that the effort of the Prohibitionists to embarass Gen. Pershing in his handling of the situation in France may grow into a rather interesting affray.

There are also chances that it may take on the form of a campaign against cigarettes—much as many of the real friends of the army hate to see it do so—and that it may be a campaign prosecuted with the utmost vigor, if not vehemence.

The lawmakers at the Capitol are ready for what comes. There are some of them, of course, who are willing to aid any movement necessary to make others good by legislative enactment. The majority, however, are not ready to carry the movement quite as far as the late prohibition victories in both House and Senate would indicate.

There is a line of demarcation which numbers of the members seem to see. They believe that while there are certain steps which can be taken with propriety, there are other steps which cannot be properly taken by Congress—or that, if taken, Congress must accept full blame for what ill results follow in their wake.

There is a belief at the Capitol that Gen. Pershing did not issue the order alowing his men to have beer and light wine until he had given the most careful thought to the matter and until he had considerately gone over the conditions as found in France at this time. Men here do not want to set aside his judgment, particularly at this distance, without having some very good reason for doing so.

The matter will come to a head after the holidays—unless as we said before, the present investigators learn all the facts at once and lay them before the country.

The objection is heard, the country over, that a studied propaganda is on to repeal the second class postal rate provisions of the war revenue bill.

The charge, however, is somewhat lessened in gravity when one sees in the Senators' and Representatives' mail the enormous volume of propaganda matter in favor of 1-cent letter postage and other postal reforms which are predicated on misleading statements of various kinds. The fact is that, at the present time, those who are urging maintenance of the second class rates, are themselves propagandists of the most ardent nature. And the very "crime" which they attribute to other interests they themselves are guilty of to a greater degree.

It is difficult to tell just now what action will come from the present Congress in the matter of postal rate reform. The hope of the mature members is, however, to set aside some of the present poor provisions of the war revenue bill and let the enactment of this class of legislation follow only the most painstaking and fair study of the situation as it is—not as someone of a fanatical nature appears to think it is.

If Congress makes some clear cut decision on this matter it will have earned the gratitude of the people of the nation. There are so many misstatements of the situation that it is time that Congress went to the bottom of it and brought forth the truth, "the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

It will never be known just what Theodore Roosevelt might have done abroad—but there are men hereabouts who would have liked to have thrown him into the Russian equation—and we use the figure advisedly, in the case of some of them—in the hope that he could bring out of Russia what one not of his tempestuous and violent nature was utterly unable to bring out.

Of course, it is a matter of debate. Perhaps T. R. would have been a complete failure. There are any number of people who think he would have been.

But there are other numbers who think that the Russian character would have warmed up to him like a Siberian convict to a prospective pardon. The pro-Teddyites believe that Russia would have given T. R. everything they refused to give to Root.

We have only one suggestion to make. If Root did not warm the cockles of the Russian heart, because of his alleged misuse of money there, why would it not be a good scheme to send Roosevelt over to Russia even as late as now? The situation could be no worse—and it is hardly believable that T. R. could make it any worse than it will become as time goes on.

And he might make it better—why not try him?

THE OBSERVER.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

THE MEASURE.

"As good as gold!" That is the phrase
Bespeaking worth when men would praise—
And gold 18 good, and yet, despite
Its sterling worth, unsullied, bright,
With values of established kind
The phrase seems not to suit my mind,
For Love's a finer, sweeter thing,
It has a warmer, truer ring,
And leaves us not as gold will do,
Shorn of our strength in days of rue—
Hence, "Good as Love" the phrase shall be
To measure worth for mine and me.

(Copyright, 1917.)

LESSONS IN BRUTALITY.

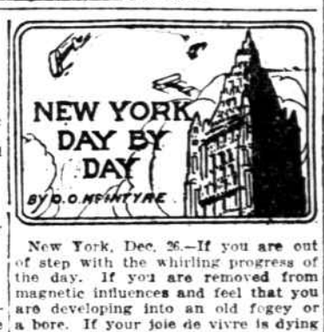
The Mulhauser Volkszeitung tells this story which in a few sentences epitomizes the whole philosophy of the German policy:

"An empty carrier's van, drawn by a pair of chestnuts, had just passed the Torbogen when one of the horses fell. Five men came to the rescue and made herculean efforts to assist the animal to its feet. They failed and made way for another gang carrying a jack, a chain, a tripod, and a pulley.

"Muscular arms tugged at the chain, the horse kicked and struggled and quivered with terror, but even almost superhuman efforts failed to raise the fear-stricken animal.

"Then a man bearing a heavy cudgel forced his way through the crowd. The horse was released from its iron girdle, and the newcomer belabored the animal with his cudgel till the blood spurted from its flanks, and then the horse, with a mighty shudder and a desperate plunge, regained its feet.

"It was the triumph of brutality over patience and resignation. What a lesson for the German nation!"



New York, Dec. 26.—If you are out of step with the whirling progress of the day. If you are removed from magnetic influences and feel that you are developing into an old fogey or a bore. If your joie de vivre is dying at the roots—well cheer up. There is hope!

You can be nimble-witted and agile-minded again—the joy of the picnic, the life of the party, the little ray of sunshine in the gloom of the grill-room. All you have to do is to dance barefoot in the snow. It will fill you full of life's tabasco.

Miss Margaret Crawford, a teacher of aesthetic dancing, declares all this is so—and proved it to moving picture men, Park Row reporters and photographers by dancing bare-legged, bare-armed and bare-headed with three of her pupils in two feet of snow on the roof of a New York hotel.

I was one of the favored guests to watch the four shivering maids in diaphanous gowns disport themselves in the snow until their teeth chattered and their limbs—I believe they are limbs this winter—were blue from the bitting winds.

They danced for five minutes, rolled in the snow, tossed the white flakes in their hair and there was not an untoward incident except when one frail little blonde stepped on a cruel ice thong imbedded in the snow and left a crimson blotch as mute testimony of her suffering for art.

The entire wardrobe consisted of 15 cents worth of cheese-cloth. After they had danced for a half hour, a rude reporter suggested that a touch of brandy might be a fitting climax to the performance, but the out-door artists spurned his suggestion.

Dancing in the snow, they declared, was much more exhilarating than the strongest drink. And to prove it they dashed out into the snow again and buried themselves for several minutes. Of such stern stuff is art and press agentry made.

There is a soda jerker in a downtown store who can come around any morning if he wants and buy out the boss. Politeness made him rich. He has cerise hair, a face speckled with freckles and his front molars are out of alignment—but he is there with the Sir Galahad ways.

Much of his patronage is from brokers, who drop in on their way home for a cooling draught. He has made it his business never to ask a customer his liquid desires without first smiling.

He won their confidence. One told him about certain investments and they told him in such a way that he thought it was wise to profit by it. He has. But he still holds his job and retains his smile. "A New Yorker appreciates a smile more than any other type I ever met," he said, "and I have jerked fizz water from Frisco to Portland."

Someone is always asking foolish questions. An actor boarded a Broadway surface car which had one of the new women conductors in charge. Stepping up to her to get some change he smiled and said:

"So you're the conductor, eh?"

"No," she replied, "I'm the tight-rope walker. How do you like your eggs?"

And the actor retired to one of the far away corners and camouflaged his blushes with an evening paper.

Speaking of musical marvels as people will, Don Marquis knows a two-year-old child who can eat and at the same time play on the linoleum. And Fred Schaefer at the same sitting declared that in San Francisco the Fife Building is situated harmoniously on Drum street. The meeting then closed.

PLAIN TALKS - By John D. Barry

"My idea of heaven," said the business man who makes work an excuse for establishing pleasant social relations, "is a place where everybody is comfortable and pleased and where I can go about from group to group expressing my ideas."

The literary man, who had been looking bored, brightened up. "Ah, the longing for personal expression! How deep-seated it is. Nearly everyone I know has it in some form. Now, my idea of heaven—"

"You needn't explain," interrupted the woman with insight. "We all know. You want persons comfortable and pleased, too, so that you may go among them and give them things to read, the things you have written. In this way you would feel they had no excuse for not being perfectly blissful."

"Then tell us your idea of heaven," said the literary man, unabashed.

"It's the place where men really will understand women. But I feel no hopeless about the outlook that I'm beginning to doubt if there really is a heaven."

"How can one doubt" asked the mystic with deep gravity. "That is, how can one doubt after thinking at all? Omar had the right idea. We are our own heaven, just as we are our own hell. When Wordsworth said 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy,' he spoke more wisely than he knew. Unconsciously, he echoed the truth behind the Biblical saying about the need of our becoming little children if we are to enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

"There are times when I feel quite fascinated by the idea of a progressive heaven," said the business man, who had been listening to the man of the world with sadness in his eyes. "It's not unlike the notion that H. G. Wells has lately been expressing about religion, though I must confess that his discovery of spirituality strikes me as rather crude.

"A progressive heaven?" repeated the clergyman, with a frown, shocked in his orthodoxy.

"Already there has been progression in the ideas of heaven favored by different persons," said the business man with his practical directness. "Those of us who are in this little group entertain very different ideas from those favored, for example, by the Turk, with his longing for a heaven of sensuality, or by the American Indian, with his dream of the happy hunting ground, or by the old Norse warrior with his expectation of slaying the foe and being slain himself, only to revive again and go back to more slaying, or by the Jew with his eternal reward of gold and milk and honey."

"We'd better try to make heaven out of the materials we really have," asserted the social reformer, "without making it of theories that aren't so much as cobwebs. Heaven has served long enough as an excuse for the inequalities and all the resulting miseries of the earth. Think of what we could do if we were to work together for a heaven here, now, the heaven that should utilize the teeming resources of nature."

"We shall always have poverty in the world," said the woman with insight, adopting her most sympathetic manner.

"We shall have poverty so long as we cultivate poverty," said the social reformer, raising his voice in a very ill-bred way.

"If we had heaven on earth," said the literary man, trying to be tactful by being flippant, "we should have nothing to look forward to."

"And so many impossible people would get in," said the man of the world in a tone of extreme weariness.

"When we really want heaven, when the longing for heaven completely possesses us," said the mystic with exaltation, "we shall wake up and find ourselves there."

Army and Navy News

Best Service Column in the City

The first step in granting the wish of Gen. Scott to be given active duty at the French front probably was taken yesterday when Secretary Baker announced his appointment to command the training camp at Wrightsville, N. J., beginning January 2, 1918.

Gen. Scott, who was chief of staff when the war broke out, was succeeded by Maj. Gen. Tasker H. Bliss. He was a member of the United States diplomatic and military mission to Russia and visited the Russian front.

It is known the general desires to serve "over there." He is a veteran of many fights, and one of the most interesting characters in the army. He has been wounded several times and three of his fingers have been shot away.

When an Indian uprising occurred and all parleys failed Gen. Scott went alone many miles into the heart of the hostile country and brought back Indians a tribe was shielding for trial on the charge of murder.

Eighteen officers of the Engineer Reserve Corps have been ordered to Washington for duty with Twentieth Engineers at Camp American University. This regiment is one of the many Forestry regiments that are being organized by the department for special duty in France. Those affected by the order made public yesterday are: Capts. Rodney A. Holmes, Albert W. Higley, George W. Slack, Edward J. Gilloully, First Lieuts. Ernest F. Fee, Shelby M. Saunders, Benton L. Yost, Maurice C. Marshall, Joseph R. Coolidge, 3d; Walter E. Bartlett, J. H. McClain, William B. Foreman, Roy S. Richardson, Thomas H. Hughes, Harold C. Walcott, William H. Herrick, Cecil R. Beal, Richard Warren.

Maj. John P. Fletcher, of the Medical Corps, has been added to corps of inspectors of the production and equipment of motor ambulances in this country for service in France. Maj. Fletcher will inspect plants at this city, Pontiac, Mich., Watertown, N. Y. and Chicago. Trips will be made frequently to the various plants.

Second Lieuts. Harold Gray Mead, Carleton A. Parker, Francis Fleming Taggart and Albert Lynn Hopkins, of the Aviation section of the Signal Reserve Corps have been placed on active duty and ordered to report to the Chief Signal Officer of the army here for assignment to duty.

Capt. Joseph A. Manning of the Infantry Officers' Reserve Corps has been assigned to active duty and ordered to report in Washington to the Chief of the Army War College for duty.

First Lieut. Karl M. Knapp, of the Ordnance Reserve Corps has been ordered to active duty in Washington. He will report to the Chief of Ordnance.

The rush of enlistments in the navy again has lowered the health rate in the training stations in the service. There now are 82,000 men quartered at these stations and the crowded sleeping quarters have aided in the spread of such diseases as measles, meningitis and pneumonia.

Lansing to Miss Beatty's Aid.

The State Department is making inquiry regarding the supposed arrest by the Bolsheviki government of Russia of Miss Bessie Beatty, a San Francisco newspaper woman. Senator Hiram Johnson has interested himself in Miss Beatty's behalf and is doing all he can to ascertain the facts in her case.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.